MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI."

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BIOGRAPHY.

We shall always be happy to present our readers with *Memoirs* of distinguished Americans. The following of the accomplished WILLIAM VANS MURRAY, late Minister of the United States to the Batavian Republic, and one of the Envoys extraordinary to the French Republic, cannot fail to gratify them. He died at his seat in Cawbridge, Eastern shore of Maryland, Dec. 11, 1803, Æt. 42.

From the PORT FOLIO.

MR. MURRAY was one of those characters, whose decease ought not to be passed over with the mere ordinary notice of a newspaper paragraph. At an early age, he had risen high in the honors, and shared largely in the confidence of his country. He had filled various offices of the most important trust, and had executed their duties with great ability and success. He had rendered to the United States services, the importance of which will be more and more appreciated the more they are known, and the more extensively their consequences, which are still operating, shall be spread. He was a virtuous citizen. He was a faithful, able, and indefatigable public servant. He was an accomplished and an amiable man. His memory is an object not uninteresting to his nation. To the heart of friendship which guides the pen at this moment, it is precious, it is inestimable.

During the period of the American revolution, Mr. Murray was passing from that of infancy to manhood. At the peace of 1783, he was about twenty-two years of age, and had received an education preparatory to the practice of the law. Immediately after that event he went to London, for the benefit of improvement by travel and foreign instruction, and resided during a period of three years as a student in the temple. Here he became acquainted with, and enjoyed the society of several English gentlemen then upon the same establishment, and who have since become very eminent characters in that nation, as statesmen, and in the republic of letters as men of genius and science. At an age, when the passions usually riot in their most unlicensed range; with a natural constitution by its exquisite sensibility, peculiarly exposed to the seductions of dissipation, and in the midst of a luxurious and splendid metropolis, where all the energies and powers of man are combined to vary the scenes of delight, and multiply enjoyments; where sloth allures to beds of down, and pleasure beckons with swimming eye and enchanting smiles, he retained the firmness and resolution of devoting his time and attention to those objects, which were to mark the usefulness of his future life. The observations of Dr. Price, of Mr. Turgot and of the Abbe de Mably upon the constitutions and laws of the United States, were published during this residence of Mr. Murray in England. He felt the importance of the subject, and meditated these writings of those great men with that ardor of research and that integrity of purpose, which were strongly marked features of his mind and heart. He published the result of his reflections, in a pamphlet which was favorable received by the public, and which may still be consulted with advantage by any person curious of our constitutional history.

In the summer of 1784, while a student in the temple, Mr. Murray took advantage of a vacation to make an excursion of about six weeks to Holland. He travelled over that country with the pleasure which during that season of the year, it cannot fail to give a man of lively imagination, of accurate observation, and of judicious reflection. Enjoying the novelty and beauties of its scenery remarking the manners, characters and usages of the inhabitants, inquiring into their laws, constitutions and government, he committed to paper the result of all, as he went along; at the inns, in the travelling barks, at every resting place of the stage, he was assiduous in the use of his pen, and thus improved to valuable purpose every moment of that time, which he had considered as indulged to relaxation and amusement. The mass of information which he thus collected, and preserved in minutes he made on the spot, he afterwards digested and methodised into a regular work; which has never been published, and which the writer of this article has never seen, but which he hopes is not lost, and wishes may one day be published.

Before the expiration of the term which Mr. Murray had allotted to his residence in England, he lost his father. The death of a distant friend, is almost always to the survivor the same in effect as if it were sudden death. Mr. Murray had no intimation of his father's illness. The first intelligence he received, after a letter from him indicating perfect health, was an abrupt notification of his decease. To that father, his attachment was unbounded. It was the gratitude of a generous soul united to the sentiment of filial affection. The shock was too violent for a constitution always feeble, and at that time in precarious health. The day after receiving the information, he took to his bed, from which for six weeks he did not rise; a languid and tedious convalescence of several months succeeded this illness, shortly after which he returned to his native country.

In the course of his abode in England he formed an attachment to a lady, to whom he was afterwards, united, and who survives to lament his loss.

Immediately after his return he engaged in the practice of the law; but the voice of his country very soon called him to her councils. He was elected first a member of the legislature of Maryland, and at three successive elections, from 1791 to 1797, to a seat in the House of Representatives of the United States.—This station he filled with distinguished honor to himself, and with entire satisfaction to his numerous constituents. His fortune, however, which was not affluent, had suffered by the devotion of his time to the public service, and so loudly called for some of his attention in its turn, that in 1797 he declined standing a candidate for re-election. But his merit and talents had not escaped the discerning eye of a WASHINGTON. He was unwilling that they should be buried in retirement, and one of the last acts of his administration was the appointment of Mr. Murray, as Minister of the United States to the Batavian republic.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

For the MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

Messrs. Editors,

The following, which first appeared in a periodical paper, in a remote part of the United States, in 1770, is so striking a delineation of real life, that I presume it will afford amusement to the readers of the *Miscellany*.

M.

——IF I had just this, said I, as I was reading an account in the newspaper, of an acquaintance, who had married an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 10,000*l*. —If I had just this, I should journey cheer-

ily through life; not a murmur should ever escape from my lips; and I would, if possible, prevent the complaints of others.—The hungry should not go away unsatisfied from my door. I would be a father to the fatherless; a protector to the defenceless; and I would—but here my utterance was stopped by my tears, and my heart overflowed with sympathy. I thought I would make all around me perfectly happy.

The wish was a prophetic one. Providence intended to put my virtue to the trial. I had scarcely finished the paragraph when the post-boy brought me a letter, informing me that my brother Oliver had lately died in the East-Indies, and left me 10,000*l.* When I had finished the letter, I took up my handkerchief, which lay by me on the table, one might naturally conclude to wipe away a tributary, or at least a fashionable tear from my cheek. I did neither. It is difficult to give a reason for every thing that happens; I think, however, that for this I can give two substantial reasons.

My brother Oliver had begun his travels in his 16th year, while I was yet a child. Our acquaintance had hardly commenced, nor was it ever cherished and confirmed, by the participation of mutual diversions, hopes and fears. Thus he was to me as an alien, and not as a brother—and further, he had left me as much as would have made many rejoice at the death of a brother, who had been brought up as such.

I am now, said I, a gentleman, and I will from this time live as a gentleman.—So I leaned my head back in my chair, and began to plan out a scheme for my future conduct in life. After I had turned it over and over and viewed it in every direction, without being able to please myself, I will go to bed, said I—a comfortable nap will refresh my mind, and all will go right in the morning. So I laid me down, and turned me to this side and that side; and put myself in this position and that position; but it would not do. I neither could get the nap I wanted, nor could I get the 10,000*l.* out of my head.

So I toiled at it all night, and about nine o'clock in the morning, had fixed my plan. This was no sooner done than I got out of bed, wrote it on a piece of paper, with my annual income in one column, and my expenditures in the other; when, to my great mortification, I found that my expenses would be exactly 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* above my income. I then ran over all the other plans that had occurred to me in the course of the night; but none of them would answer; and this could not be executed for a shilling less than the estimate I had made.

Had I but this 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* said I, it would make me completely happy. So I began to revolve in my mind, with the utmost eagerness, how I should obtain it. I will conceal the whole for a year, said I, my fortune will then amount to 10,500*l.* which will easily bring matters to bear. On further reflection, this would not do. I had told the story the evening before, and it was already spread through the neighborhood.

While I was in this dilemma, the maid came to tell me that old Peter was at the door. Now Peter was a weekly pensioner, on whom I had long been accustomed to bestow a sixpence every Saturday morning. The girl had told him of my good fortune, and he, no doubt, had reckoned something upon it. Bid him go about his business, said I, in an angry tone, but my heart smote me as I said it; all my vows to heaven, so recently made, rushed upon my memory.

I will go this moment, said I, and give the old man his sixpence at least; so I put my hand in my pocket, and walked hastily to the door. Stay, said Avarice, as I opened the door with my money in my hand, consider what you do. Here you are at this moment short of your reckoning, 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* and yet you are going to give away your money like a fool. At this very instant old Peter bowed to me with a most piteous countenance; his look seemed to say, This is what I did not expect, I stood in the door, agitated by contending passions——Charity bade me reach my hand and give it. Avarice contracted it. I would give it and I would not give it. The poor old man saw my distress, and modestly walked out, shutting the door after him. He was no sooner gone, than I cursed him for departing; and was convinced that I should have given it him, if he had staid, and laid all that blame upon his precipitate retreat, which ought to have fallen on the badness of my own heart. I put up the six pence, walked into the room again, and sat down to breakfast. Two things disturbed me so much that I could not eat. The first was, the want of 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* the second was the figure of old Peter, which presented itself to my imagination, sitting shivering in his hovel, casting a melancholy look round him in quest of something to rekindle the poor remains of a fire just expiring, and exploring every corner with a despairing eye for a crust to allay his raging appetite.

Methought, when he had in this manner rummaged his whole hovel in vain, he sat down on his chair, turned up his eyes to heaven, and gave a deep sigh—the sigh was accompanied with an imprecation on me for having denied his usual boon. But perhaps this may be only an illusion, said I, and he may at this moment be begging at the corner of the street, from somebody as hard hearted as myself. So I will go immediately and find him out, and if I do not find him, I shall find plenty of others to bestow something on, who may be in as much need. So I put 11*s.* 9*d.* into my pocket, resolved to bestow every farthing of it in charity before I returned. I had got but a little way from my door, when I saw a poor man at a distance, stand in a supplicating posture. My niggard breast revolted against all resolutions I had made—It is he, said I, and I must part with my money, although I have 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* a-year too little. When I approached the man and found it was not Peter, my heart rejoiced within me as I passed by.

In going through the town, I met with many objects of charity, but I carefully kept aloof from them all, lest pity should overcome avarice, and force a passage into my heart. While I shunned every other beggar, I would have persuaded myself that I wanted to find Peter, but it was only a pretence, for I got home with every farthing of my money in my pocket, with which I sat out. I had now done my duty, I thought, with regard to Peter, and if I had not given him the money at first, nor found him out after, it was not *my* own fault; so I sat down quietly to dinner, with nothing to trouble me, but how I should get the 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* that I wanted.

On Sunday, at church, my head was full of it. It was full of it all the week after, till Friday evening in coming home, I found another letter on my table, informing me that my brother's effects had turned to much better account than was expected, and that instead of ten, I might expect at least 20,000*l.* I must now double the plan I had thought of before, said I; but in order to effect this I shall want 15*l.* 7*s.* If I had just this, I should undoubtedly be happy.

There are no limits to avarice. I now spent as uneasy a night in contriving how to obtain this 15*s.* 7*d.* as I had done before on account of the half of it. I rose late in the morning, and taking hold of my waistcoat to put it on, all the money in my pocket fell on the floor. On gathering it up, and counting it, I found exactly the 11*s.* 6*d.* O conscience! however we may for a time stifle thee, thou art a faithful minister, and never ceases to rouse us from the lethargy of vice. I listened to thy accusing voice. I felt that I had done amiss. When I had but little to spare, said I, I gave cheerfully a part of that little, and never, till I became possessed of much, did I carry a sum so long undimin-

ished in my pocket—but I will now atone for my fault.

As I said this, I felt Benevolence rushing warm into my heart. Now Peter at this very moment hit the door with the knocker, and as it was about the usual time of his coming, the sound of the knocker reached my heart. You, said I, looking at the 11*s*. 9*d*. in my hands—you shall pay the forfeit of my crimes. Long have you shut out every generous sentiment from my heart, but you shall never have it in your power to do it again. So I sent the old man away rejoicing.

For the Merrimack Miscellany.

The COLLECTANEA....No. 4.

Thales, the wise man of Miletus, stands first on the roll of ancient sages, and was the first author of natural philosophy and mathematics among the Grecians. Socrates, who stands second, gave philosophy a new turn, and considered man as the only subject of it. Plato made considerable improvements in learning: and Aristotle established a school at Athens, after being preceptor to Alexander. But after all, among the ancients, none were more esteemed for their learning than the Egyptians; but the astonishing improvements since, are evident by the abolition of hieroglyphicks, that were used by that people.

Sir Thomas Pope Blount says—"some are of opinion that where learning and knowledge go in the front, pride and ambition always follow in the rear." Where this is the case, it gives birth to that despicable character called a pedant, or one who is ever seeming to know more than others. Lord Chesterfield says—"wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to shew that you have one."—"No wonder, then, says an ancient author, that the Italians, in their farces, always bring in a pedant for the fool of the play."

The advantages of a liberal education are too obvious to be denied, and too numerous to admit, in the districts of brevity, a specific mention. But the importance of education arises from two causes, the frame of our mind, and the objects we are conversant with. With respect to the former, we are susceptible of various impressions, strong prejudices, and prepossessions; imagination wings its way to the remotest regions, and unbridled fancy embraces every thing that is adapted to its nature. Before reason is mature, and too often after, we believe what we are told, and consider every thing as true or false, on the character and authority, or rather according to our ideas of him who says it.

Education, though it should assist us in discriminating between truth and error, yet a fatal management has sometimes defeated those valuable designs, and solely given birth to every error in judgment. This will ever be the case where our own conceptions are represented as the standard of truth, and men affect to disbelieve what they cannot fully explore. If principles invariably regulate the manners, what is imbibed is essential to that end. As good and evil are terms too often arbitrarily applied, and usurpation evinces itself with frequency, the justice of our sentence will depend in our view, on the earliest notions we receive. If then the choice is directed almost universally by education, with a kind of irresistible impulse, we can never be too cautious in a matter that is to determine, not only the present, but future welfare of men. The objects we are daily conversant with, are invincible proofs of the importance of education, since vice assails us in such varied forms, and pleasure assumes so many different names.

Dr. John Taylor,

Author of the Hebrew Concordance.

From an original letter of his, written fourscore years ago, it appears that he was then minister of a small congregation of Dissenters at Kirkstead, in Lincolnshire, and that he lived at a little distance from this place, which he describes as a small pleasant village, near the navigable river, which runs between Boston and Lincoln. His salary there was so small that his circumstances were very strait, so that he was under the necessity of teaching a school, and of applying to his friends to recommend scholars to him. At this time it appears that he had been engaged in making a concise abridgment of Henry's Exposition, but he was so poor that he could not buy that work, and he complains that it was at a stand because he could no longer borrow it. He tells his friend, that he had gone as far as the Prophecy of Jonah, and intended to finish the whole as soon as he could procure the remaining volumes of Henry, and publish it in as cheap a form as possible, for the use of families. Query, whether he ever completed the undertaking, and what became of the manuscript, which certainly was never published.

In this letter, he gives his correspondent some advice in the choice of books, (according to his request) particularly with a view to the knowledge of Scripture, and recommends Pool's Annotations, and Prideaux's Connexion, to be read with diligence, in preference to the reading a multiplicity of authors.

His correspondent having mentioned to him the divisions in London about the Salters-Hall controversy, he writes as follows: "As to the unhappy differences among the London ministers, I think I should not have subscribed had I been among them; because I am not satisfied that it is a means sanctified and appointed of God for either finding out or ascertaining the truth. On the other hand, I am sure it has been grievously abused from the first times of Christianity, to the dividing of Christians, and the destroying that love and mutual forbearance which is the distinguishing character of our holy religion, and the only bottom upon which the tranquility of the church can be rightly settled."—*Lond. Maga.*

LITERARY NOTICES,

[Of English Publications—the last year.]

Mr. Scott, to whom the public is indebted for three elegant volumes of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, has edited, from the Auchinleck manuscripts, "*Sir Tristem; a metrical Romance of the thirteenth century.*

"*The Sabbath*" is a poem evincing considerable powers.

"*Martial Effusions of ancient Times;*" addressed to the Spartan hosts to excite them to valor and discipline in their conflicts with the Messenians, and prescribed as permanent recitations by the republic of Lacedemon, to inspire their youth with warlike sentiments; from the Fragments of Tyrtæus.

If it could for a moment be suspected that the valor of Britons required to be roused in defence of their domestic altars, these Martial Effusions of Ancient Times, translated as they are with great spirit and animation, would be opportunely offered; but an enthusiastic love of freedom, and independence of any foreign yoke pervades all ranks of society, warms every bosom from the monarch to the meanest peasant, and will never suffer true born Britons to hug a mean inglorious slavery, while an honorable death in the field of battle can free them from it.

"*The Scenery, Antiquities and Biography of South Wales;*" from the materials collected during two excursions in the year 1803. By Benjamin Heath Malkin, Esq. M.A. F.R.S. Embellished with views drawn on the spot by Laporte, and a map of the country.

We have only room to say of this work that the materials are not only intrinsically valuable, but well arranged. Mr. Malkin has composed not only a very entertaining but a very instructive volume.

Aphorism.—Faction is to party what the superlative is to the positive; party is a political evil, and faction is the worst of all evils.

POETRY.

SUMMER....*A Fragment.*

From the COMPANION.

Now blazing Sol darts his bright rays upon us,
Burning the grass, and drying all the pools up ;
Even the brick yards feel that he's a tippler,
So do the bull frogs.

See how the grass is burnt for want of sprinkling,
Gardens and cornfields, all as dry as tinder,
Hickories that once were as tough as India rubber
Snap like a corn cob.

Look at the pumps—e'en they're enough to fright one ;
Raw head and bloody bones, "sudden death" upon 'em ;
"Don't drink cold water," rather go to Beck's, and
Swallow an ice cream.

O how provoking 'tis in such warm weather,
To be obliged to sleep with windows clos'd up
Tight as a pill box, 'cause the doctor tells me,
Keep out the night air.

Still more perplexing 'tis, when sleep affrighted
Flies up the chimney—no where else to get out—
Leaving poor me to roll and tumble all night,
Bit by musquitoes.

What's to be done ? why, we must grin and bear it,
Patience and Time will bring about the winter ;
Then we can sit at home and sing and smoak and
Drink apple toddy.

To a beautiful little Girl, of four years old, sitting in her baby-house, surrounded by her Playthings.

By Mrs. MOODY.

Little queen of infant pleasure
Smiling on thy seat of treasure ;
Happy in each fancied blessing,
More than monarchs worlds possessing,
Culling sweet from every rose,
That in thy fairy garden grows ;
Thy breast as yet untaught by sighs
To check the transports as they rise.
No dread thy little bosom fills
Of physical or moral ills :
With pure delight thy eye surveys
The splendid toys that round thee blaze :
Nor could a richer joy be thine
Did all Potosi yield her mine ;
Thy tiny cup of silver brings
A sweeter draught than cups of kings ;
The doll for whom thy love prepares
These emblems of maternal cares,
For whom this little board is spread,
For whom thou deck'd this little bed,
Obedient to thy magic wand
Still eats and sleeps at thy command ;
And though thou play'st the mother's part,
No mother's pangs corrode thy heart.
Oh ! ever may thy future years
Be thus exempt from hopes and fears ;
Thus, with smooth current glide away,
While beams of joy thus round thee play ;
But thou a blended lot must share,
And with the blessing take the care.
Then, lovely Mary, hug thy toys,
Unsullied source of infant joys !
And, whilst thou can'st, the pleasure keep,
To lull thy waxen babe asleep.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY :
Or, A new PUZZLE* *in Praise of Women.*

Happy a man may pass his life,
When freed from matrimonial chains,
When he is govern'd by a wife
He's sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to declare
The failings which in women dwell,
The worth that falls to woman's share
Can scarce be call'd—perceptible.

In all the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride ;
Truth—darling of a heart sincere,
With women never can reside.

They're always studying to employ
Their time in vanity and prate ;
Their leisure hours in social joy
To spend, is what all women hate.

Destruction take the men, I say,
Who make of women their delight,
Those who contempt to women pay,
Keep prudence always in their sight.

* *When read for the* Praise *of women, the first and third lines, then the second and fourth, must be read.*

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

Ramsay, in his history of the American revolution, records the following instance of patriotism.

Among the Americans, who were killed in the action near Charleston, on the 20th June, 1779, was Col. ROBERTS, an artillery officer of distinguished abilities. In the short interval between his being wounded and his dying, he was visited on the field of battle by his son, Captain Roberts, of his own regiment. The expiring father presented his sword to his son, with an exhortation to behave worthy of it, and to use it in defence of liberty and his country. After a short conversation he desired him to return to his proper station, adding, "that there he might be useful, but to him he could be of no service."

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Some time after the conclusion of the late war, a young American was present in a British theatre, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms and barefoot, the question was put to them severally—what was your trade before you entered into the army ? One answered a taylor, another a cobler, &c. The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves clothed and shod ; but before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed from the gallery—"Great-Britain beaten by taylors and coblers ! Huzza !" Even the prime minister, who was present, could not help smiling, amidst a general peal of laughter.

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Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes look attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for ? "That which I cannot find—the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

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Guelph and his principal followers were besieged in the castle of Winsburg ; and having sustained great loss in a sally, they were obliged to surrender at discretion.—The emperor (Conrad) however, instead of using his good fortune with rigor granted the duke and his chief officers, permission to retire unmolested. But the dutchess, suspecting the generosity of Conrad, with whose enmity against her husband she was well acquainted, begged that she, and the other women in the castle, might be allowed to come out with as much as each of them could carry, and be conducted to a place of safety. Her request was granted, and the evacuation was immediately performed ; when the emperor and his army, who expected to see every lady loaded with jewels, gold and silver, beheld to their astonishment, the dutchess and her fair companions staggering under the weight of their husbands. The tears ran down Conrad's cheeks ; he applauded their conjugal tenderness, and an accommodation with Guelph and his adherents was the consequence of this act of female heroism.

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A very homely man, acting Mithridates on a French theatre, when Monimia says to him, 'My lord, *you change your countenance*,'—a young fellow in the pit exclaimed, 'for heaven's sake let him !'

THE SEASON.

The drought, which we have experienced for nearly 30 days, still continues—the fertile borders of the Merrimack never, perhaps, exhibited so melancholy an aspect from this cause—pastures are parched to a crisp, and the gardens suffer much—corn begins to feel its effects, and unless we have rain soon, the crops will be short. The drought is not local, but is felt to the northward and westward far. [HERALD.

Rutland, Vt. July 20.—We have had no rain of consequence for near forty days. The cornfields are suffering excessively, the pastures are dried up, and the fires are running over the woods and fallows in an alarming manner. Many fields of wheat adjoining the burning woods have been totally destroyed. A field of 10 acres in Fairhaven, it is said, caught fire while the farmers were reaping, and the wheat was entirely burnt up.

Amherst, N.H. July 30.—In this vicinity the spring grain is very good ; but fears are entertained, that unless we should be speedily blessed with rain, the Indian corn will be short.

New-London, July 31 —It is now upwards of nine weeks since we were visited with any considerable quantity of rain. No drought equal to the present, has occurred in this quarter since 1761 ; that year the corn was entirely cut off.

DIED,

At her apartments in Chelsea, (Eng.) aged 81, the celebrated *Signora Galla*. She was some years since a performer of considerable celebrity on the stage of the King's theatre, and was the last of Handel's scholars ; and that highly celebrated musician composed several of his most favorite airs expressly for her, both in his operas and oratorios, in which she sang with great applause, and appeared so late as the year 1779, in Mr. Ashley's oratorios at Covent-Garden theatre. After quitting the stage, she resided, as a companion, with the unfortunate Miss Ray, and was in company with her at Covent-Garden theatre the evening she was shot by the Rev. Mr. Hackman. Being thus deprived of her situation, and not having made any provision for her declining years, she has subsisted entirely upon the donations of her friends, and a benefaction she annually received from the Royal Society of Musicians.

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